The Manhattan Athletic Club Trying Hard to Get Back White-Cellar and Ribow Wrestling Useful in Fighting-Carney Wants a Cast-Iron Contract With McAu-



NDUCEMENTS of all kinds are being offered by the Manhattans to get W. C. White, who seceded from them after ill treatment, when he was ill in the Canadian champion ships, joined the New Yorks and swept all before him, to rejoin their ranks. White, it is said, is to have all his dues paid up, his expenses paid, and a trip to England with the Manhattan team next summer if he will

Jimmy Carroll, the middle-weight, says:

"Catch-as-catch-can wrestling isn't of much account to a fighter. Collar and elbow practice, though, is the greatest aid to a puglist when fighting under the new rules of the London prize-ring. A really good catch-ascatch-can man does his work on the ground with his leg and arm holds. In a fight, the wrestling is all over as soon as either man strikes the ground, and to throw a man in a prize-fight you must catch him fairly above the waist. Dempsey used to be a collar-and-elbow wrestler, as was Carroll. John L. Sullivan once said: "Give me a man who can hit, never mind about the throwing part." Billy Edwards says: "A man must use judgment about wrestling in a fight, same as everything else. If you can throw a man without much of a struggle and fall on him, it's good. I used to go down as easy as I could when it came to a clinch in most of my fights and save my strength for hitting."

Jem Carney gets at the bottom of the evil when he talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement for a struggle and the talks of a cast-iron agreement f

Jem Carney gets at the bottom of the evil when he talks of a cast-iron agreement for a fight or forfeit between himself and McAuliffe in black and white. It's easy enough to draw up the agreement, the diffi-culty is to get a stakeholder with nerve enough to hand over the money in spite of the excuses, technicalities and threats of suits at law of the side whose man is over-weight or ill or afraid to fight.

There will be a big fifteen-ball pool tournament in this city before the holidays. The pool champions are getting back to the city with the return of cool weather. Messrs J. D. Conner, Maurice Daly and Wm. Pomeroy, who are to be the managers, will look for a suitable hall next week. J. Louis Malone, who has just come from the country Ralbo who has just come from the country, Balbo, the Cuban, who will arrive next week, Al. Frey, the champion, Manning, King, of Phil-adelphia, Powers of Chicago, and an un-known will be the contestants.

The latest brilliant idea of the Manhattan The latest brilliant idea of the Manhattan Athletic Club is to furnish reports next summer to the newspapers of all athletic games in which Manhattan men compete. This is done because the "cherry diamond" wearers don't see themselves in print often enough. If they make this new move, Gus Sachs and C. C. Hughes will have notoriety and to spare. Every sporting writer will consider it a duty to jump on the imitators of the New York with both feet. Imagine the Dwyers, who aren't dependent on favorable paper notices for crack additions to their stables, furtices for crack additions to their stables, furnishing the New York journals with reports of Sheepshead Bay, Monmouth Park and Jerome races, so their names would be sure to be spelled correctly and in full.

Jem Carney, the light-weight champion of all England now, for the third time matched to fight McAuliffe for the international light-weight championship and \$4,500, arrived in this city from Boston last night. He is on a visit to his friend, Billy Tracey, and to-day will either visit the Jerome Park races or go will either visit the Jerome Park races or go out to see Charley Norton at Newark. Carney is very indignant over his treatment in the late match but blames nobody but Holske for it. "I think I'll make this man (McAuliffe) go me this time," he said. "But just think, it's five and twenty to twenty we are a bettin' im. The idea of taking \$500 out of the stakes to pay me for a postponement! Holske got well paid for that, you can bet. I've trained sixteen times and fought a dozen battles, besides seein' some score of first-class fights, and it's the first thing of the kind I've ever heerd of."

Carney says he scales 149 pounds as he stands now in his neat-fitting dark fall suit. His determined countenance looks the

Why Adam Melton Married His

Housekeeper.

STREAM, TRACK AND RING.

picture of health. He is acclimated now and says he is sure of winning.

I don't think this man as good as Mitchell." concluded the Englishman, "and Mitchell couldn't hit me."

Carney will return Friday and go into training again in Massachusetts, probably under "Nobby" Clarke's care in about a week.

WILLIAM DALY'S SAN FRANCISCO TRIP TERMINATED AT JERSEY CITY.

BATH-TUBS ON WHEELS. A Paris-Luxury Suggested for Introdu

into New York. ALKING about new 田中山 enterprises springing THE EVENING
"why there are thousand of schemes yet untried that you will be hearing of sometime. Now there the Parisian bath, for the Par up here," said a gentle

instance. Do you know how the Parisians pursue the practice said to be next to Godliness ?" Having received the reporter's admission of

innocence as to the subject, the gentleman continued: "Well, to begin with, exceedingly few houses in Paris, except the big homext summer if he will puly return to the fold. White told The Evening World man yesterday the New Yorks were pretty white sort of people.

Jockey W. Walker, who given up riding and looks after his commencement of a stable. Alex. T. made this innocent admission the other day: "It makes me mad when people look around and stare at me while I eat my regular pint of chestnuts or peanuts during the performance of every play I go to see." Walker and his chum, Alex. Maguire, who used to keep as a hotel the place in Blissville cockfighter Mike Kearney recently sold pools, nearly missed seeing "Jim the Penman" at the Madison Square, because an unappreciative usher said peanut fends weren't even allowed in the gallery of that play-house.

Jimmy Carroll, the middle-weight, says: "Catch-as-catch-can wrestling isn't of much account to a fighter. Collar and elbow practice, though, is the greatest aid to a pugilist tels, have bath-rooms. You might conclude

houses where there are bath-rooms. And the medicinal benefits of this powder stirred in the water are a great thing in addition to the fragrant quality it imparts. And then another advantage is that the tub is brought to you and everything is prepared. You can step out of bed in the morning into your tub and have a splendid scrub before dressing. For the reasons I have mentioned I am sanguine that the Parisian style of bathing would prove very popular in New York."

TEN MINUTES IN A SAVINGS BANK

An old woman who evidently doesn't bath A tidy French girl, evidently a nurse maid, leading a lovely child.

Enter a young German girl, who shakes her head at both propositions and says, "I wish to take out." Discouraged-looking men and women pass by going to draw money. Those to deposit it look cheerful.

A tall woman in an ulster, devoid of full-ness in the skirt. She takes short steps and walks in a semi-circle.

A man sits on a high stool inside the door, and to the bewildered-looking puts this in-invariable question, "Draw, or deposit?"

A little girl of ten years comes in, modestly—"Please, sir, my mamma sent me, I know what to do," and she goes and does it.

Nice little woman.

A buxom dame who immediately goes behind the door and disappears from view—
"She's gone to get her money out of her boots-or somewhere.

A poor old blind lady, who looks entirely contented, and smiles in the wrong direction when the man descends from his high stool to guide her to the paying teller.

An infirm old lady is led in by a young girl and a man. She wants to draw money and will do it herself, although she has to be supported at the window. She gathers it with nervous, claw-like fingers, and thrusts it into a black silk bag on her arm.

Degrees of Mourning.

M. Guibollard has just purchased one of those new square planes made of unvarnished black wood without a single atom of gilding or color

"Good heavens!" remarked a friend, "what "Good neavens!" remarked a friend, "what a funereal place of furniture."
"I must explain to you," replied M. Guibollard.
"We have just lost a distant relative, and so I thought it would be more suitable and proper for our little dances during the coming winter."

expedients offered the slightest security, and

that was the confidence and co-operation of a

lette's Decision Not to Play—Mrs. Abbey's Part in "The Mouse Trap "—Fog on the Stage at Nible's Complications Caused



OTH as a pathetic instance of the instability of things theatrical, and as showing the amiability of managers, the following is related: William Daly, the well-known stage director, who was to have left this city Monday night for San Francisco, where he was to superintend the production of "Her Atonement," is still

gentleman bought his ticket for San Francisco, arranged for sleeping accommodation, and started. Unfortunately for Manager Hayman, who had engaged Daly, the director had to pass through Jersey City. No sooner had he set his foot in that region than he met W. C. Tompkins, the manager of Miss Myra Goodwin, now starring in Kidder's "Philopene." The gentlemen took a drink and waxed confidential. Mr. Tompkins, in a burst of generosity, begged Mr. Daly to stay with him and take charge of the stage work of Miss Goodwin's tour. Mr. Daly, in his innocent good nature, could not resist. He flew back to New York and entreated Mr. Hayman to release him from his engagement. The manager, who is nothing if not obliging, agreed, and Mr. Daly left San Francisco to take care of itself.

Some surprise was felt in theatrical circles Some surprise was felt in theatrical circles yesterday when it was learned that William Gillette had signed a contract to play Sothern's part in "The Great Pink Pearl" and "Editha's Burglars" during a tour of twelve weeks through the principal cities. Mr. Gillette had positively decided—the word positive has no meaning in the dramatic world—not to play this season. He succumbed to good terms. Mr. Harris, of the Hollis Street Theatre, in Boston, came to this city yesterday and secured Mr. Gillette in the Lyceum's attractions for his house. Mr. Harris could have had Mrs. Potter and company, but her terms were not as advancompany, but her terms were not as advan-tageous as those offered by Mr. Gillette's

People who saw "The Mouse Trap" at Wallack's on Tuesday night are deploring the fact that Mrs. Abbey appeared in such a lugubrious role as that of toxocological Beatrice Selwyn. The part assigned Miss Rose Coghlan would have been much more suitable. Miss Coghlan was allowed first choice, however, and she wisely selected the comedy role. Mrs. Abbey will feel more at home when "Caste." which will follow "The Mouse Trap" at Wallack's, is produced. . . .

Rider Haggard's "She" is giving considable trouble to those who are about to render it dramatically at Niblo's. The stage is to be entirely monopolized in one scene by " ing" clouds and dense fog. These w cleared away and the head of the Eth cleared away and the head of the Ethiopian will be shown in the manner described in the novel. The people called the Amhaggers will be represented by supers, clad in furs and

. . . Telegrams were received in this city yester-day announcing that Miss Kate Forsythe was seriously ill in San Francisco, and, of course, unable to play her part in "Clito," now run-ning at the Baldwin Theatre.

Eben Plympton is doomed to dire disap pointment, as far as his cherished play of "Jack" is concerned. He has had the most unlimited faith in that play, but has had very little success with it. Mr. Plympton recently and to the bewildered-looking puts this ininvariable question, "Draw, or deposit?"

A woman with a baby, a handkerchief,
three parcels, a blanket and a dozen nickles.
In her confusion she drops everything but
the child.

A little girl of ten years comes in mod-

Ada Rehan prizes a noble collie. Annie Robe fondles a King Charles. Mrs. Henry E. Abbey is fond of a spitz. Verona Jorbeau owns a comical poodle. Agnes Booth has a valuable King Charles. Mrs. James Lewis promenades with a setter. Mrs. Bronson Howard has a black and tan. Maud Harrison is proud of her Newfound-

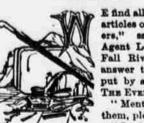
Lillian Russell has a spaniel to amuse the Mme. Cotrelly has a coach dog black and white. Rose Coghlan has one of the Wallack shep-

Miss Marie Wilton pets a massive New-coundland. Before Helen Dauvray married Johnnie Ward she was devoted to a hairless Japan

How to Find Out. [From the Binghamton Republican.]
"Trees have voices," declares a poet. Therefore if you want to know the condition of a tree

MANY FORGETFUL PASSENGERS.

Some Account of the Articles They Leave



E find all sorts of lost articles on our steamers," said General Agent Lovell, of the Fall River Line, in answer to a question put by a reporter for THE EVENING WORLD. " Mention some of them, please." "Ladies' night-

gowns are, perhaps, the most numerous, and some of our ladyl passengers leave their bangs, powder-boxes and puff-balls, and other articles of wearing apparel and for use in adorning their complexions. We find tooth and hair brushes, combs, &c., in great number, and keep them all until claimed, or give them away after keeping them a long

"Here is a set of teeth some one left on the Pilgrim a long time ago," saying which Mr. Lovell unfolded a package and displayed a nice set of molars, which some one had evidently missed very much.
"Do you find any valuables, such as money and jewelry?"
"Yes, quite often. We have examiners for

each section of the steamers, and they are always the first to overhaul the staterooms and cabins after the passengers leave the steamer. They are our oldest and most trusted em-They are our oldest and most trusted employees, and return all articles left behind by travellers to me. If a watch or a ring or any other article of jewelry is found, it is carefully marked so as to show the number of the stateroom it was found in, and when the owner sends for it we can readily tell whether he or she is entitled to receive it. But nearly everything of value is sent for or called for immediately after it is missed, and we have nothing left to dispose of but small articles. These we give to our hands or the truckmen on the wharf. A good many travelling-bags are left behind by owners who are in haste to get away, and it is curious to see how positive they are that they left them in certain places; but when told that they left them somewhere else they are astonished."

are astonished."
"Sometimes we find packages of money "Sometimes we find packages of money under the pillows, but not often, and the passengers who forget them generally return very quickly to the boat after discovering their loss and obtain their property. One lady lost a very valuable sacque a good while ago, and it was some time before she remembered she might have left it on one of our steamers. I found it and returned it to her. All articles that are marked in any way that will enable us to identify the owner are sent promptly to him or her. Besides our examiners we have a detective on each boat, and they find a good many articles which are left behind or mislaid by passengers. We have never had anything of value unclaimed and therefore have no sales of lost articles."

RIPPLES FROM THE HARLEM.

Davy Roach never takes off his fierce red worsted skull cap. His head is like our own Bill Nye's.

William J. Cody, the many-time champion of the Mets and Atalantas, won't pull a stroke unless his faded gray hat is in the boat for luck.

John H. Abeel, jr., or "Jackabeel" to all the boys, always parts his hair and beard ex-actly in the middle. This to make his paper shell trim exactly even.

Georgie Philips always chews spruce gum as he rows. Says it soothes the nerves and is a great thing to make a boat go fast. He's a N. Y. A. C. man.

Col. Rathburne, Phillips's partner in the double sculls, can reach out further than any other short man on the river. Big John Canavan looks statuesque in his yellow and black Nonpareil uniform. He has been rowing for twenty years and says he's good for twenty more. His hobby is

Phil Schile and Sheridan Mahoney,
"Mets'" crack double "Mets" crack double, are young but hustlers. Phil is a sleight-of-hand man, and can do" valise trick" in a way that rattles professionals. All his brothers are fine oars-

wen, too.

Val Mott is the tallest oarsman in the New York Athletic Club. His strong points are red cheeks, big mustache and unceasing hunger for hard work. He landed his junior fsur a winner last Saturday by sheer pluck, strength and coolness.

How in the world Fred Vilmar finds time to be Savertery of the Health Poster Saverters of the Health Poster Saverters.

to be Secretary of the Harlem Regatta Associ-aton, First Lieutenant of the Nassau Boat Club and yet do faithful training is a

A Bright Scholar. [From the Nashville American.]

Mission Founder-" I called, sir, to see if you would not give a few dollars more for our local nission among the Chinamen ?" Merchant-" No. I won't."

M. F.— 'But, my dear sir, you yourself have ad abundant evidence of the glorious results of M. - ' How 7" M. F.—' How? Didn't you engage one of the Chinese pupils in our Sunday-School for your es-tablishment?"

tablishment?"
M.—'Yes, made a collector of him."
M. F.—''Yes, made a collector of him."
M. F.—''So I heard. He is one of the brands snatched from the burning. He entirely forsook heathenish ways. By the way, where is he now?"
M.—''In Canada.''

Coolin' Days' Song. [From the New Orleans Nimes-Den De fallin' wedder's comin' fas' ! Dese sunny days da cyarn' na las' ! When hosses neigh en geeses play. De fros' is not s' fur away.

> Come fas' ! Come at las' ! Coolin' days come ter pass;

SOME OLD-TIME BELL TOWERS. ongue of flame that might leap forth from

ONE ANCIENT CUSTOM THAT HAS NOT BEEN ALLOWED TO DIE OUT.

Old Towers—The Mount Morris People Unwilling to Dispense with the Ringing of Their Bell-Talk with the Old Bell Ringer-Where the Towers were Put.



HE day of the belltower is past. Only one or two remain in the city, and a young person or a stranger needs to be told their use. New York had several of them in its early days. Men were it was to stand upon the top of the tower and sweep the neighborhood with their glance on the lookout the glare of flames they

rung the large bell. which told the story in startling peals and summoned the fire engines. There were towers of this kind at the Post-Office, City Hall, Marion street, Essex street, Spring street, Jefferson Market, Thirty-third, Fiftyfirst and Eighty-eighth streets and at Harlem But they gradually disappeared as more perfect arrangements were perfected for the safety of the city. One, with an immense bell, was pulled down about a year ago in Spring street, near Varick.

The old bell-tower at Mount Morris still stands on a little hill in the park and it will probably not be removed. The iron tongue of the bell sends forth its notes, but not to alarm as of yore. The bell was not rung for nearly a year, since it no longer served any purpose. But the people complained. They had been used to hearing it and liked the sound. So it is now rung three times a day

sound. So it is now rung three times a day by a fireman from the engine-house on One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. He strikes the hour on the bell at 8 in the morning, at noon and at 9 in the evening. James McCusker is an old bell-ringer on the Mount Morris tower. He is fifty-seven years of age, and is at present superintend-ing the laying of gas pipes, under a contract, for fifty-six miles. "The tower was built in 1854" he said. "The first bell man was years of age, and is at present superintending the laying of gas pipes, under a contract, for fifty-six miles. "The tower was built in 1854," he said. "The first bell-man was Christopher Siemen, who now has a farm down in Virginia. I was appointed to the position in 1860 and continued in it four years. It was a political position, which the Mayor had the disposal of. A force of three men ran the tower. Some one had to be there all the time. It was not very comfortable, for it is cold up there in winter and hot in summer, and then a man was altogether to himself. We used to be glad enough to welcome visitors. They broke the monotony. When a bell-man was stationed there regularly a great many people used to climb up the steps to enjoy the view. A fireman was given charge of it in 1867. It is of no use now, and is used only as a landmark. When the tower was built it was a good way off from New York, and the whole country round about was marsh and fields. The salary was \$1,000 a year. I went on at 8 o'clock in the morning and stayed there until 6 in the evening. Then I was relieved until 12, when I came on again and remained until 8. Then I was off until 6 o'clock in the evening of the first day."

"I broke the bell once sounding the alarm

Then I was off until 6 o'clock in the evening of the first day."

"I broke the bell once sounding the alarm for a fire over in Bloomingdale," continued Mr. McClusker. "Barnum's circus, at Elm Park, was on fire. At the second stroke of the fourth alarm I noticed that the bell was cracked. It was four times the size of this bell. Why, they used to hear it in Westchester village, and that is six miles away. Three months afterward they took the bell down and put up this smaller one. The tower stands just as it was built. Nothing has been done to it except for necessary repairs.

stands just as it was built. Nothing has been done to it except for necessary repairs. This present bell was put in about 1863. The Fire Commissioners appoint the man who rings the bell now. But it is nothing of a position. The fireman simply goes up three times a day to ring it. There is no salary."

The view from the top of the tower is a fine one. When the air is clear many points of interest can be seen. McCombe's Dam, High Bridge, the Palisades, with the silver Hudson flowing smoothly along at either base, are seen in one direction. In another direction the Catholic Protectory stands out from the green of the woods, and some of direction the Catholic Protectory stands out from the green of the woods, and some of the prominent Westchester homes. The view extends up the Sound as far as Fort Schuyler. With a glass the flag can be descried on the old flag-staff. Randall, Ward and Blackwell islands are pretty sights from the tower, with their big buildings and green trees. The old Rhinelander Mansion, how the Convent of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd may be seen at the southeast. So Now the Convent of the Sisters of the Good Stepherd, may be seen at the southeast. So also the John Jacob Astor residence (the grandfather of the present John Jacob), which is near the Rhinelander house. With a glass the wooded shores of Staten Island may also be seen.

The bell-tower in Mount Morris Park is not a very attractive specimen of architec-

The bell-tower in Mount Morris Park is not a very attractive specimen of architecture, and even the ravages of time will not moulder it into picturesque decay. It is an octagonal building, four stories in height. The lowest story is of closed sides, clapboarded and painted an olive green. The second and third stories are open. Eighty fluted iron colomns support them. The fourth story has the octagonal room where the watchman used to shield himself from the storm or chill of winter. The walk around this room is protected by a handrailing. Here the guardian of the district made his rounds, keeping an eye out for any

ongue of fiame that might leap forth from the scene below him.

An iron stairway winds to the top. From two iron girders between the second and third floors the bell hangs—a large one with a good tone, though several times smaller than the one which used to be there. Large bells were used in all the bell-towers, as it was necessary to get a big sound that could be heard over a wide circuit. The bell-tower in Mount Morris Park sounded the alarm for the district extending from Fifty—ninth street to High Bridge. The present bell can be heard as far as Fordham.

So it stands there, the relic of a past system, without the hoariness of age to make it a moving spectacle. There is no reason why it should ever be removed. It adorns the hill top, and the young people sit on the seats around it in these pleasant October days. As the fireman ascends the spiral stairway to clang the hour of 9 on evenings when the wind is whistling about the top, he probably feels glad enough to think that there is no staying up there to be done, as formerly.

WHERE TIME IS PLENTY.

South Fifth Avenue's Queer Little Shop That is Full of Watches.

On South Fifth avenue, between Bleecker and Houston streets, is a small, box-like store, where the rays of such sunlight as the tracks of the elevated road allow to enter, are reflected from hundreds of gold and silver watches exhibited attractively in the single window and about the place. Within the barely audible ticking of the tiny time-pieces makes incessant music, varied occa-sionally by the ponderous and slow strokes of two old-fashioned clocks, which seem to furnish a basso accompaniment.

The watches are many of them of old pat-

terns, a single open-face among the score. The absence of many gold cases is accounted for by the character of the business and the for by the character of the business and the neighborhood. Here the purchasers carry a time-piece for use only. As an ornament for personal adornment they have no use for it. The little \$3 ticker serves them as good purpose as a \$50 affair to the uptown pur-chaser, who feels that if he wants a time-piece he might as well have an elaborate one, as long as there are funds with which to me, as long as there are funds with which to pur-chase it.

chase it.

In the store the stock is continually changing. The low of tickers which to-day will attract the eye, to-morrow, perhaps, will be hidden in the waistcoat pocket of some industrious and impecuations young man. Others, perhaps, that have adorned the brass rail screen the window. Others, perhaps, that have adorned the brass rail across the window, and flashed back the sunlight, to morrow will be in pieces, one portion in one case and another in another case, according as the repairs of watches demand. It is frequently the case that a watch needing repairing is brought to this little place, where the stock on hand of screws, springs, hands and faces is not sufficiently varied to meet the exigencies of the work. It is then the old-patterned cases are opened, slowly despoiled of their works, and finally left hollowed, nothing but the outside covers remaining. This demolition would seem a waste of material, but, on the contrary, the bright watchmaker makes every piece valuable. watchmaker makes every piece valuable. Even the cases are cut to pieces, shaped into scarf pins and other articles of adornment, and every scrap of metal made to swell the in-

come.

These cases come from all over the country. They are bought in exchange when necessity compels their sale, and many of them are kept long in stock. In the entire aggregation their number will exceed one hundred and fifty, varying in price from \$3 to \$10, seldom higher, for the needs of paternaments and extravagant whatever their derons are not extravagant, whatever their de

Waiting for Another Tornado. (From the Chicago Ledger.) stroyed?" queried a passenger of a conductor of

the Dusty Bumper division. " Did it do much damage ?"

"Did it do much damage?"

"Nop; not much. It blew down a couple of barns, the school house, and washed away the bridge."

"Quite a serious accident, then, I should say. Will we be delayed?"

"Yep, unless we have another tornado."

"Another tornado?"

"Yep; so's to blow the bridge into place again."

No Witch Mistress for Bridget.

[From the Detroit Free Press.] Mrs. High Jinks (very English)—Bridget, see if the brougham is at the door? Bridget-An' what would ye be wantin' wid the

broom, mum?

Mrs. H. J.—I am going out to ride.

Bridget (sotto voce).—Och, murther, it's a witch
she is, to be ridin' out on a broom? I'il be after
lavin' at once for service wid a dacent family.

Consolution for Every Ill. [From the Chicago Heraid.] Whatever ills befall me now

Whatever woes betide me,
One memory I have, I trow,
To comfort and to guide me.
Let poverty and want assail,
Let Fame refuse her glances,
I will not tet my courage fail—
I've shaken hands with Frances, Let all my trusted friends desert.

Let Fortune fair fly from me, Let her I love be proud and pert, My raiment not become me; Let me be ever deep in debt, Let friends refuse advances, Let dark clouds lower: I'll not forget I've shaken hands with Frances.

Let countless promissory notes
Come due when unexpected,
May cv'ry girl who on me dotes
He straightway disaffected,
Whene'er I seek an heiress's hand,
May something spoil my chances,
All this and more I can withstand—
I've shaken hands with Frances.

I will forget all rude unrest And ev'ry care that fidgets,
When I remember I have pressed
Those dear, delightful digits,
Then totter, castles in the air,
And vanish, fair romances,
I'll miss ye not, for I'm aware
I've shaken hands with Frances

AMUSEMENTS. DOCKSTADER'S. DOCKSTADER'S.

BUSINESS BOOMING.

Cleveland's Western Trip.

Volunteer and Thistle.

"PALLOF NEW BASYLON."

Evenings, 5.80.

THER MEW BONGS.

Beturday Mattines, 5.80.

14 TH STREET THEATRE.

Makines Saturday only during this consequent.

MINNIE PAINTER

"The dear public liked her."—Times, Oct. 11.

It wo pieces. A double bill.

Promptly at 8 o'clock the charming one-set operates.

THE HING AND THE REEPER will begin. And at 1.35 the popular fantasy.

MY "WEETHEAHT.

H.R.JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE.

Prices, 10c.; Res. Seats, 20c. & 30c. House packed. Not even standing room.
Matinees Monday, Wednesday and Saturda
BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S "CLIO."

Box office always open. Beware of speculators. Oct. 17—THE WILBUR OPERA CO. UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

J. M. HILL
THE HENRISTIA IS BOOMING."

EVENINGS, N. 13. BATURDAY MATINES, S.
THE ORNOW AND CHANG.

ROBSON AND CHANG. THE HENRIETTA.

BEATS SECURED TWO WEEKS IN ADVANCE. BUNNELL'S MUSEUM,
MARVELLOUS
SEALS, Broadway, OLD LONDON STREET,

Admission 25c Children, 10c Open from noon until 10 P. M.

DOOLE'S THEATRE, POOLES THEATRE,

Sh st., between 4th ave. and Broadway.

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BEAST LYNNE.

4 MATINEES-Mon., Wed, Thurs. Sal.

Wook of Oct. 17, by strangement with X. M.

PALMER, the Madison Square HAZEL KIRKE.

23<sup>d</sup> STREET TABERNACLE. EXHIBITION OF M. DE MUNKACSY'S GREAT RELIGIOUS PAINTING, "CHRIST ON CALVARY."

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"It impresses me more than any picture I have even
seen."—Rev. Dr. Mulcahey, of St. Paul's Chapal.

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Monday, Oct. 17, and Wednesday, Oct. 19,
Debut of SIGNORINA TERESINA

VAN DER STUCKEN.
A. Lambert, Planist, Oct. 17; William H. Sherwood,
Planist, Oct. 19. William Thaule, Musical Director,
Admission, \$1; Seats, \$1.50 and \$2.

A CADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th st. and Irving place 4TH WREEK. Evenings at 8. Mat. Sat. at 2. Elaborate production of the latest London Melodrama.

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Reserved seats, 50c., 75c., 81. Family circle, 25c. GENERAL ADMISSION, 50c. GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

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Commencing next Monday Evening.
Engagement of Mr.
JOSEP H JEFFERSON,
who will appear as Bob Acres in
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Seats now on sale.

5TH AVE. THEATRE, ATH WREEK. Evenings at 8. Saturday Makines at 2. MRS. LANGURY accompanied by MAURIUE BARRYMORE and be

accompanied by MAURICE BARRYMORE and he
own company in her successful production
AS IN A LOOKING GLASS,
Splendid scenery and appointments.

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antee to teach this popular instrument in one course of
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Last three nights. Saturday Mattnee at 2.
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THALIA TO-NIGHT AND TO-MORROW.

DROP OF POISON.

Saturday Matinee—Strakesch and the Thalis Compar
Saturday evening—Junkermann, Inspector Breefs.

SAYINGS OF POLITICIANS.

Ex-Excise Commissioner Haughton—Ex-Mayor Grace and Commissioner Croker are very friendly. What's up?

Ex-Mayor Edward Murphy, of Troy-Edward Kearney has invested a great deal of money in Saratoga real estate. James W. Boyle—What has become of ex-Mayors Wickham, Ely and Edson? Have they lost their pull in politics?

Police Justice Maurice J. Power-Of con I think James Fitzgerald could be ele District-Attorney. John J. O'Brien-I won't be driven out of politics. I want to keep in to get square

Felix McClosey-I remember Steve French when he used to run a grocery store at Sag

Senator McMillan, of Buffalo—I expect to be nominated. The next Senate will have many new members. Subway Commissioner Gibbens-How can

you place the wires underground unless you dig up the streets? Timothy J. Campbell—I hear that John C. Jacobs is going back to the Senate. He has been out one term.

[From the Philadelphia Call.] "Can you tell me," wrote Mabel, "what I can do to change the color of my hair? It is red, and I am atraid to use a dye,"

"Get rich," wrote the editor in reply, "and
the newspapers will change it to auburn or spun
gold."

stunch friend. But I was effectually pre [A STORY BY NYM CRINKLE.] Continued from Wednesday's Evening World. DIOCY: nonsense said Dr. Birchell. 'There's nothing the matter with your brain It's catalepsy !'

"I uttered a cry of dismay. " 'The most harm less thing in the world,' he ejaculated. time. Now that, I confess, is not comfortable; but, my dear fellow, neither is it

I foolishly allowed the fear to take full possesion of me. But while giving way morbidly to the apprehension, I at the same time brought all my intelligence into play in devising plans of prevention. I read everything that had been written upon catalepsy, and, as is usual, fitted myself to all the cases

"There was but one plan that out of all my

vented from appealing to the sympathy of my aunt or her acquaintances by the general impression already created that I was something of a monomaniac. My valetudinarian habits and complaints vexed her unreasonably, and to go to her now with the new crotchet of premature burial would be only to invite her ridicule and contempt. I was actually ashamed to make a confident of anybody. Ju was the only person who appeared to have the least sympathy for me. If I overworld,' he ejaculated.
"There's only one dauger, and that is that your friends will bury you before your time. Now that I conbalustrade as I came upstairs. It seemed inevitable that this girl's solicitude, for which I do not believe she could give the slightest rational excuse, should draw me to her. Then the idea occurred to me of making a

rational excuse, should draw he was a restorable. Then the idea occurred to me of making a confidante of her, and some conservative instinct within me grasped at the thought with a zest that my reason could not account for. But how to do it. Such an intimacy was beset with difficulties of the most delicate nature. It was accident and not my ingenuity that brought it about. The summer passed without any return of my troubles, and I gave myself to literary pursuits. One morning in October my aunt was taken suddenly ill, and a neighboring doctor was called in. He was a young man, remarks—bly handsome, and very skilful, and won the respect and confidence of the family at once. Finding him an intellectual student very much after my own mind, a rather warm friendship grew up between us, and he became a constant visitor at the depth of Ju, who sat there sewing and beam-ing in her quiet, healthy way. It was at such depth of Ju, who sat there sewing and beam-ing in her quiet, healthy way. It was it as the same that I introduced the subject of catalense, and Cruden, seeing that Ju was intensely interested, gave an account of several earlies in the that if throught with a zest that my reason could not account for Ju, who sat there sewing and beam-ing in her quiet, healthy way. It was at such depth of Ju, who sat there sewing and beam-ing in her quiet, healthy way. It was stuch that it within me grasped at the thought with a zest that my reason could not account of Suran the attent my as a count of several earlies in the total throught with a zest that my reason could not account of several earlies in the face of trane in which mere suspension of function had been mistaken for death. I remarked that there was a hereditary tendency in my family to his disease, and I expected to have it myself some day. Turning to her carelessly, I added, I fever they should find me dead in my bed, Ju, don't you let them bely not want to a such that there was a hereditary tendency in my family to his disease, and I expected to have it myself and he became a constant visitor at the house. He spent a great deal of time in my room, and naturally enough I in the end nar-rated the particulars of my own case to him. He was deeply interested and made it a study. Corroborating Dr. Birchell's statement, and

after a careful examination with the stethoscope, he assured me that my heart was sound and that the trouble arose from a change of nervous force from the muscles to the ganglionic centres, which was the result of intro-spective habits and a certain constitutional tendency. There was no lesion, he said, and the only possible danger was in mistaking the suspension of muscular power for the sus-pension of vitality, or, in other words, of burying me alire. But that wos a calamity which could not possibly occur if he were

"Now comes the most remarkable part of my narrative. This Dr. Cruden—that was his name—fell desperately in love with Ju. He had no hesitation in telling me of it, and in assuring me that the girl had inflamed him with a passion that it was beyond his power to control. He even made a clean breast of it to my aunt, and she, looking upon it as a rather romantic and every way desirable match for her housekeeper, placed no obstacle in the way. So he came to visit her in the house, and I used to see them sitting together in the dining-room of evenings in the most sociable relationship. In fact, I very frequently joined them, and the doctor and I would go off into a discussion far beyond the depth of Ju, who sat there sewing and beaming in her quiet, healthy way. It was at such a time that I introduced the subject of catalepsy, and Cruden, seeing that Ju was intensely interested, gave an account of several cases of trance in which mere suspension of function had been mistaken for death. I remarked that there was a hereditary tendency in my family to his disease, and I expected to have it myself some day. Turning to her carelessly, I added, 'If ever they should find me dead in my bed, Ju, don't you let them bury me till Dr. Cruden gives the word, will you?" 'I recall now the look and tone with which Now comes the most remarkable part of

an import to her answer that my assumed carelessness did not warrant.

"Dr. Cruden's attachment to Ju, I will not deny it, annoyed me. All invalids are selfish. Perhaps, however, my interest in the

and the continue of the contin